



Nobody Home

The old tide of local society is now in full flow. Almost literally by every train they are leaving town for mountains or seashore—seeing America first, often to their discomfort—persuading themselves that they are more comfortable where they are than they would be at home, but secretly wishing that they were back in good old Albuquerque where the nights are always cool and where, even when the sun shines hottest, there is nothing to complain of in the shade.

Man is a migratory animal—woman even more so. The impulse to change locations with the changing seasons is almost universal. Perhaps it is better so—else sundry hotel-keepers and railroad magnates might become a charge on the community.

The Albuquerque colony—or colonies, to be more exact—at the California beach resorts this summer will be larger than for many seasons past, while the eastern centers are claiming more than their share of attention from our pram-buggy population. A scattered few of us are left to console with each other and to keep things going as best we can, keeping a watchful eye on the calendar and reflecting with feelings of despair that the long road has just begun.

Send up a card now and then and let us have the address. The details are easily filled in without putting any unnecessary strain on your powers of imagination.

Heck! They say that when a man is drowning his past life is brought up before him.

Peck! That happens also when he has a quarrel with his wife.

Boston Transcript.

LUTHER LUNCHEONS.

No more elegant or elaborate affairs have been in Albuquerque during the season than is drawing to a close the two luncheons by Mrs. J. F. Luthy and Miss Luthy in Taft hall at the Alvarado Wednesday and Thursday.

The guests, 129 in number, were received in the main parlors of the hotel and were later ushered into Taft hall where the long table was artistically decorated with long-handled brown baskets filled with Killarney roses, a large basket in the center and smaller ones at each end. Strewed over the table in fancy design was a profusion of Southern smilax.

These luncheons are perhaps the last formal affairs that society will see before next autumn, and bring to a pleasing end the gaieties of an unusually sprightly season.

"Pa, what's an alchemist?"

"An alchemist, my son, was an ancient philosopher who tried to transmute the baser metals into gold."

"Are there any alchemists these days, pa?"

"None of the old sort. The modern alchemist is trying to find a substitute for gasoline."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

FOR MRS. BLAINY.

Mrs. Wilson C. Keim was a luncheon hostess Tuesday at 1 o'clock, entertaining the members of her bridge club and four ladies who acted as substitutes during the past season. In honor of Mrs. James A. Blainy, who will leave soon for the east and will later take up her permanent residence in St. Louis.

The dining-room and table at the Keim home were decorated with sweet peas. Hand-painted place cards of sweet peas graced the places of the guests, who, besides Mrs. Blainy, were Mrs. Frank Wilson, Mrs. Frank



Diamonds of Quality

If the gift of a DIAMOND is in your mind you'll find it advisable to call at EVERITT'S, the store of reputation and square dealing for a third of a CENTURY. Many jewelers have come and gone but EVERITT stays on forever. We have a habit of telling customers the truth about jewels, which is the reason we have made good.

Whether it is a Diamond, a Watch, a Piece of Silverware or Cut Glass, we afford you safety, courtesy, and prices as low as legitimate, conservative methods permit.

ESTD. 1883

Everitt

THE DIAMOND PALACE

RELIABLE
WATCHMAKERS & JEWELERS
107 W. CENTRAL AVE.
ALBUQUERQUE, N. Mex.

A. Storiz, Mrs. D. H. Carra, Mrs. J. A. Ruddy, Mrs. J. H. O'Reilly, Mrs. Fred Canfield, Mrs. J. B. Horvath, Mrs. E. R. Edgar, Mrs. M. K. Wylder and Mrs. D. A. Macpherson.

"What's the trouble, girls?"

"E. Alkerson, I'm afraid for you, Father threatens to kick you into the middle of next week."

"Well, my dear, if he insists, let him do it. But hold next Wednesday evening open for me."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

CLUB ENTERTAINED.

Mrs. Frank A. Storiz entertained the members of the T. C. club Monday afternoon, the affair being the last that the club will have until next season.

Besides Mrs. Storiz the members of the club are Mrs. Harry Strong, Mrs. Isaac Barth, Mrs. L. L. Hunt, Mrs. Frank Ackerman, Mrs. Byron H. Ives, Mrs. Nancy Deswick and Mrs. Jerro Huggard.

Hub: Look here, Mary. It was only last month I paid a dressmaker's bill of \$74, and here is another one for \$69.

Wife: Well, dear, doesn't that show that I am beginning to spend less?—Boston Transcript.

FAREWELL PARTIES.

A series of delightful entertainments was given last week in the nature of farewell parties in honor of Miss Willie J. Hollingsworth and Miss Imogene Maxwell, who will leave tomorrow for Denver and will later return to their home in Alabama.

Friday evening Miss Hollingsworth and Miss Maxwell were the guests of Misses Lavinia and Evelyn Long at an informal dancing party, and on Tuesday evening they were complimented at a similar function by Miss Mildred Drengemiller at her home on East Silver avenue. A mesa party last night at which Mr. Samuel Sutherland and Mr. Richard Bruce were hosts completed a round of entertainments which were in every way delightful and enjoyable.

FLATBUSH: Did you ever lose much time house hunting?

Bensonhurst: Oh, yes; we lived out west at one time, and we had a cyclone. I spent six days looking for my house.—Yonkers Statesman.

KIDDEYS ARE HOSTS.

A unique entertainment was that given last night at the Woman's club building on West Gold avenue, which a number of little girls entertained in honor of their mamas and a select company of their youthful boy friends. A special feature of the evening was the barefoot dancing of Dolores Benjamin, who repeated the dance from "The Court of Juno," which she performed with such marked success at the recent reception at the close of the season of the Woman's club.

The young hostesses were Virginia Short, Dolores Benjamin, Wilma Short, Corolla McAllister, Elizabeth McAllister, Virginia Williamson, Vivian Fletcher, Jane Kirk, Beulah Mandell, Bettie Kirk, Niles Strumquist, Louise Dooler and Josephine Reynolds.

The Right Man.

Mrs. Bitter: Shall we get a detective to guard Clara's wedding presents?

Bitter (looking them over): You don't need a detective, all you need is a tin snuff.—Life.

COMMENCEMENT PLAY.

The commencement exercises of Miss Elizabeth Willey's school last week, the feature of which was the flower play, "The Garden Wall," written by Mrs. Raymond Stamm, were among the most delightful that have been given in Albuquerque this spring, and an unusually excellent array of talent was developed. Charles Rice and John Lee Clarke, Jr., received diplomas, which were appropriately presented by Arnold Rosenwald.

In the flower play Lucien Rice impersonated the china aster and Rob Wilson the gardenier, while Harriet Harmon, Maxine Nordhaus, Frances Wilson and Clark Pettit took the part of butterflies. The other flowers in the play were represented as follows: Frances Stern—Carnation; Tom Wilkerson—Four-leaf Clover; Robert Hickey—Johnny Jump-up; Margaret Manon—Daisy; Margarita Harris—Black-eyed Susan.

Frederick Nohl—Nasturtium; Elizabeth Nordhaus—Morning Glory; Brand Henning—Jack Rose; Charles Rice—Sunflower; John Lee Clarke—Sweet William; Robert Pettit—Bleeding Heart; Arnold Rosenwald—Ragged Robin; Robert Macpherson—Hollyhock; Alfred Patterson—Four-O'clock; Fyfe Peters—Snap Dragon; Fritzie Allen—Columbine.

First Girl: What's biology?

Second Girl: Why, it's the science of shopping, I suppose.—Boston Transcript.

QUEEN ESTHER.

The beautiful cantata, "Queen Esther," presented Monday night at the Crystal theater, by the choir of the First Presbyterian church, assisted by singers from the other churches, was the most spectacular and ambitious production offered by local talent for a long time, and the results were truly gratified and professional.

Esther, the queen, was portrayed by Mrs. E. L. Bradford, who was well fitted for a part so full of intense emotional situations. The part of Abaschur, the king, was splendidly taken by Mr. F. J. Spaulding. Mr. Hugo Meyer as Haman proved his

ability to portray a wicked role as well as his droll humor. The laughing-and-drinking duet between Mr. Spaulding and Mr. Meyer, in the throne room of the king, was a very effective scene and was acted and sung artistically. Mr. Paulsen sang and acted the role of Mordecai, the aged Jew, in a convincing and appealing manner, and was charmingly supported by Miss Beatrice Selzer in the role of Mordecai's sister. Mrs. Selzer's singing, acting and emotional interpretation were delightful. The part of Zeresh, the wife of Haman, was ably sung by Mrs. McClanahan, and little Miss Leona Pettit made a winsome Ida, the child of Haman and Zeresh. Her scene with the old eunuch was very nicely acted.

The ragged, pained beggar was one of the most realistic characters in the play and was splendidly given by Mr. Frank Armstrong, whose costume, singing and acting were especially good. Mrs. Benning sang the difficult role of the Prophetess in a manner that brought her much praise. Miss Alberta Hawthorne, the fair-haired Median princess, and Miss Jessie Strong, the dark-haired Persian princess, were both charming in oriental dress and sang their parts with poise and grace. Mr. Edward Crispien sang the role of the herald very gracefully and Mr. Sutherland sang and looked the part of a wise scribe. And there were other Jews and Persians, each with his own part to play, and hands of boys singing and waving palm branches. The ensemble work of the chorus was especially good in volume, balance, shading and dramatic action. The banquet scene was one of oriental beauty and it was such a treat to see how many could be assembled on the stage without any appearance of crowding. The low, lace-covered banquet table was encircled with cushions on which the royal diners reclined and drank from silver goblets. Charming little white-clothed girls fitted in, bearing garlands of pink roses with which they executed a pleasing dance before offering the garlands to their queen. Three other oriental maids gave a dance of such exquisite grace that it was a joy to behold. But the star actor of the evening was Johnny, the beautiful horse from Trimble's stables. Johnny didn't sing his part, but he acted like a prince.

"Queen Esther" was a delight to see and to hear, and the Presbyterian choir, and all others who contributed to its presentation, achieved a beautiful success. Too much praise cannot be accorded the artistic work of Mrs. Bradford, who directed the production. Miss Mary Michener, at the piano, proved herself a careful and competent accompanist.

EBY-HAGLAND.

Announcements received in Albuquerque of the marriage in El Paso Thursday of Miss Mary Vivian Eby and Dr. Carl G. Hagland proved a genuine surprise to the many friends of both bride and groom in this city. Both are residents of Albuquerque.

The bride is a former resident of Michigan, and during the two years that she has lived here has attracted a large circle of admiring friends. Dr. Hagland is one of the most prominent dentists in Albuquerque and a graduate of the University of Chicago. He has a professional and social standing that is enviable.

Dr. and Mrs. Hagland will be at home after June 9 at 817 North Eighth street.

WOMAN'S CLUB.

The business meeting at the Woman's club Friday marked the closing of a very successful year; successful in finance, in the programs and in the spirit of harmony which is paramount in every department of the club work. Several hundred dollars have been paid on the indebtedness of the club and numerous undertakings for the welfare of the community have been financed by this organization.

The aim for next year has been set at a practical, high place for the club and its members will play a singular spirit in their belief that they will reach it.

NOTES OF SOCIETY.

Dr. and Mrs. M. K. Wylder left Thursday for the Springs to remain three or four weeks.

Mrs. Frank Ackerman left yesterday for El Paso for a visit with her niece, Mrs. A. S. Bronson.

Mrs. Thomas N. Wilkerson and her two sons, Arthur and James, have been paid on the indebtedness of the club and numerous undertakings for the welfare of the community have been financed by this organization.

Mr. Arthur Sisk returned Friday from a trip of several days in Arizona. On his way back he stopped for a brief visit with the H. C. Millers in El Paso.

Miss Myrl Hope left Tuesday for Los Angeles to attend the commencement of the Girls' Collegiate. She will be home about a month, during which time she will act as bridesmaid at the wedding of a former classmate in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Grimsfeld will be at home informally to their friends this afternoon in honor of their daughter, Miss Marion, who will be confirmed this morning.

The commencement exercises of the Baptist Sunday school will be held today. Those completing the course are Miss Bertha Livesey, Miss Elton De Lroy, Miss Cora Gustafson, Miss Kathleen Long, Miss May Carman, Miss Lenora Brown and Mrs. Amy Passmore Hunt.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. McCreight entertained at their home, 315 West Second avenue, Thursday evening, in honor of Miss Margaret Dickson and Miss Elsie Warnock, high school teachers, who leave today for their homes to spend the summer vacation. The McCreights proved themselves hospitable entertainers, their pretty home being an ideal place for social affairs. Refreshments were served.

Miss Elizabeth Johnston and Miss Lucille Truswell left last night for a month's visit with relatives and friends in Los Angeles, San Diego and National City. Cal. Miss Johnston is a daughter of Mrs. M. E. Johnston, of Hotel Craze.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Morrisette motored to Santa Fe yesterday. In the party with them were Mrs. E. A. Morrisette, Miss Bettie Morrisette and Mrs. Frederick H. Howden.

Mrs. W. W. Bowers and Mrs. H. T. Hyre have issued invitations for a party on the afternoon of Friday, June 9, to be given at the home of the former.

Santa Fe Society Notes

SANTA FE SOCIETY NOTES—THE COWBOY AND THE RAINBOW.

(Honey Jim Mullens, in the Los Angeles Times.)

When the Gulf clouds in the east begin to gather, Above the vastness that is called the "Great Staked Plains," When Old Timers say the signs they see "Are rather indications that we'll have some early rains,"

When the hairy yearlings across the "flats" wander, Seeking greenness to remove their winter mange, Hope springs, rosy as the rainbow yonder— In those clouds above the open cattle range.

Overhaul your bedding and your tarp and saddle, Tie your slicker tightly in a roll in front, Fix your stirrups proper for the sunfish spraddle.

When your bronco pulls his curtain-raiser stunt, When you mount him, hang a rowell in one shoulder, While the boys are yelling, "throw away your reins!"

Then let him launch, o'er cactus, gulch and boulder— Playing circus out there on the open plains.

They say the calf crop's going to be a hummer, Heifers scattered from Fort Sumner to Stonewall, That means work for every puncher all the summer.

And, for me, free rides to Denver in the fall, There's the steers to round up, sort and ship for feeders,

Winter pasture for old heifers to arrange; Work for us, but gold for all these cattle breeders.

That's the flow of Promise on the open cattle range.

These highbrows tell us that is just a fairy story, That about the bag of gold at every rainbow's end, But it's just as true as Gospel and just as sure as glory—

If you have the faith to look for it, my friend; So, now the grass is waving and the raindrops loudly rattle, And the "dogies" all have shed their winter's mange,

We are gathering up the gold bags by rounding up the cattle, That grass around the rainbow on the open cattle range.

POETRY ON THE PLAINS.

Pegasus rides the open range as freely as he submits to bit and reins and harness, and in the fulness of time, New Mexico may produce a Shakespeare or a Cervantes and, in the meanwhile, in the columns of its press, English, as well as Spanish, is found many a gem of poetry that has the flavor of the native earth, whether the verses come from Artesia or from St. Francis' farm near Deming; from Roswell or Alamogordo; from Roy and Ligon or Santa Fe and Silver City. Quite a generous and voluminous anthology of New Mexico poetry might be produced from the files of newspapers and magazines. One of the New Mexico poets to win wide recognition lately is Mrs. M. P. Skeen, of Artesia, wife of Dr. Skeen, who served a commendable convention, and who, it is hoped, will be returned to the legislature from Eddy county this time. Harriet Monroe, the editor of "Poetry," has not only purchased a number of Mrs. Skeen's poems but praises them very highly and is predicting a high place for Mrs. Skeen among highest types of art as expressed by the brush of the painter, but also from the pen of the poet.

THOSE CHAIN PARTIES.

Five of the chain parties by members of the Woman's Board of Trade were given on Monday afternoon, at "The Willows," on East Palace avenue. Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. Haynes, Mrs. Arthur Sullivan, Mrs. James L. Seligman, Mrs. Walter, Mrs. French, Mrs. Hughes and Mrs. Carl Bishop. The prize went to Mrs. Hughes. Mrs. William G. Sargent had at her chain party, at which bridge was the diversion. Mesdames March, Cochran, Wickham, Parker, Jones, Barker, Hall, and Miss Spitz. Similarly, Mrs. J. B. McManus and Mrs. Robert L. Ormsbee entertained at bridge. Mesdames Harrison, Wentze, Clancy, Evren, Hogle, Keefe, Whitman, Wright, Kaune, Kolia and Andrews. Mrs. F. E. Nuding entertained as her "eight" at bridge. Mesdames Fiske, Lee, Fischer, Schumann, Catron, Lavan, Christensen and Cohn. Mrs. E. A. Fiske and Mrs. E. P. Davies entertained jointly at the Fiske home, the following at bridge: Mesdames Rolfs, Yarnell, Spitz, Burrows, Dunlavy, Baca, Wheeler, Cohn and Miss Lady, who were Mrs. Fiske's guests; and Mesdames Moore, Nuding, Townsend, Evren, Catron, Barker, Renahan, Lamy, White and Franz, who were Mrs. Fiske's guests. Each guest at these parties contributes half a dollar into the exchequer of the Woman's Board of Trade, and those who were entertained are supposed to entertain eight others, until there has been a total of 512 guests. The parties will continue during the summer and because of their simplicity and informality are proving a great success.

EXQUISITE ART EXHIBIT.

For two weeks Santa Feans will have the privilege, rare even in this art center, of viewing and studying an exhibit by five English artists, three of whom have already gained international renown. This treat is due to Edgar Knight, of Albuquerque, brother of one of the artists, Harold Knight.

The pictures were hung today by the art committee of the Museum and, like the exhibit they supplant, that of Mrs. Winslow Skinner, are water colors. The historic reception room of the Palace of the Governors, never intended for an art gallery, nevertheless, has the simplicity and dignity,

the subdued light, into which the pictures fall like rays of sunshine through a prism, giving it a glory that it never possessed in its most romantic and thrilling days.

Most distinguished, at least best known among the five exhibitors, is Mrs. Laura Knight, by some pronounced the greatest of living woman painters, whose pictures have been bought by some of the leading art galleries of England and Canada, and have won gold, silver and bronze medals as well as honorable mention in exhibits from Australia to South Kensington, and from Ottawa to Paris. There is enough variety in the ten pictures she exhibits to give some idea of her powers. "Boys and Boats at St. Ives, Cornwall," is perhaps the most appealing. The loose and poised of the boys, the children of the sea, as they lean over the boats, might be called a study in relaxation. "On the Cliff," appeals because of its simplicity, and yet greatness. A woman, a summer visitor to the shore, is seated on the cliff, a child leaning in her lap, and gazes over the ocean, which runs from a light, cool, transparent green into misty grays in the distance. "Spring Flowers" is of the same style, yet different in character. Three children happily picking daffodils in a sunny meadow on the edge of a dense, shadowy wood. Who wouldn't like to gaze upon a scene like that every day in a lifetime? "Bathing from the Slipway," and "Children on the Beach," are also studies of St. Ives but more sketchy in character. "Flora" is a quaint portrait study in the style of Sir Burne-Jones, the head of a young girl between Easter lilies. "Impression of Les Sylphides" is a series of four pictures that would be an acquisition, a perennial delight, indeed, for such an organization as the Elks' club at Albuquerque, or the Santa Fe club. As studies of motion, these four ballet dancing pictures are supremely well done.

Cornwall is the theme also of the five landscapes sent all the way from England by G. Harvey. But it is the bleak, stony, dun-colored Cornwall away from the gaiety and life of St. Ives on the sea. Mr. Harvey has a style of his own that one will ever again recognize after studying it once. He lays on the paint even, thick surfaces, much like a mosaic, except when it comes to the skies, and these are so vast and have such infinite gradations of grays that one marvels at the title of the paintings given some inkling of their somberness: "The Stony Farm," "Edge of the Moor," "Evening on a Cornish Farm," "Cornish Moorland," "Near St. Barnan, Cornwall."

Harold Knight, it is to be regretted, is represented by only two pictures, these two being of such beauty, that there is an overwhelming desire to see more of his work. "Evening, Staltheis, Yorkshire," is fine. It is a picture with atmosphere and one returns to it again and again to study the technique that accomplished that verisimilitude of late evening, the rapidly falling darkness, the dim reflections of the cliff-like houses in a patch of water below, and the receding vision of the boat being hauled up on the sand above high tide. "Hauling the Fishing Cobles at Staltheis," is, perhaps, the most impressive picture of the entire twenty-nine. But impressionism is not made an excuse for slouchiness, or for poor draftsmanship, as it is so often by American artists. It is not passing off a dash for a real picture. The water color reminds Santa Feans much of the work of the late Donald Beaudouard with which they have become familiar. The action is good, the composition excellent, the color pleasing. The New Museum intends to be very exacting as to the pictures it will hang in the permanent art gallery, but if some kind friend were to purchase for it either one of these two, it certainly would be given a place among the permanent treasures.

S. J. L. Birch, an English artist of fame, exhibits six landscapes, done with such infinite and loving care, with such faultless drawing, such restraint in color, that each must be called a gem. The skies are wonderful. The pictures stand out like etchings, are as clear cut as emeralds, and one cannot but help forming a mental image of a painter who unites genius with such exquisite craftsmanship. It is difficult to choose among the six, there is one for every temperament. "The Estuary" perhaps the most restful and satisfying, for the eye after wandering to the far, picturesque hills whence comes the river, returns again and again to the white farmhouses in the foreground, nestled at the foot of a bluff, which seems to proclaim the salt air that is wafted from the ocean not far away. But then there is "The Edge of the Moor," on the River Plym near Plymouth," as dainty a bit of drawing and painting as has been ever exhibited at Santa Fe, unless it was by K. M. Chapman of the Museum staff, of whose careful and fine draftsmanship these water colors are a strong reminder. "The Edge of an Inland Sea," has a wonderful sky with the pink tint of rose petals. There are two French landscapes among the

MAN AND THE SKIRT.

When it's narrow, long, and flat, Then he says she's "like a slat." When it shows a curving shape, At her "padded hips" he'll snape.

When it flares and flounces wide, Her "balloon dress" he'll deride. When it shrinks toward the knees, Then he says—the rudest things.

When divided with a slit, How a glimpse will start his wit! When it shrinks toward the knees, He makes public all he sees.

Yet his money he will blow On a skitless girl's show. When he doesn't have to pay, What's he kick for, anyway?—Frederick Moxon, in Judge.

March pictures, both of them scenes not far from where the heaviest fighting has been in progress. One shows the river course near Montreuil-sur-Mer, and the other the Gateway of Chateau d'Angure near Dieppe. The six landscapes by E. Hughes give the England as the traveler knows it, with gray skies, with restful meadows and villages, with atmospheric washes by frequent rains and fogs. A page of homesickness is guaranteed the native of Yorkshire or of Wales who will come to look at the canvases, superb in their composition and coloring. "On the River" and "The River at Waltherswick" seem to have the tang of the salt air (Continued on Page Three.)



It's healthy. See her about yours, before there is too little left to take care of.

FOR LADIES EXCLUSIVELY

Phone 1324. Rooms 16 and 17, Stern Bldg.

Business Men's Bank

This bank affords every facility for the transaction of any banking business. It invites deposits subject to check and extends as liberal accommodations as sound banking will permit. Those having surplus funds lying idle are invited to avail themselves of our Time Certificates of Deposit which yield FOUR PER CENT INTEREST.

—Depository for—

A. T. & S. F. RY. UNITED STATES

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

ALBUQUERQUE NEW MEXICO



Sacred Phonograph RECITAL

GIVEN AT THE LEAD AVENUE METHODIST CHURCH TO-NIGHT AT 8 O'CLOCK

Thru the Courtesy of Rosenwald Bros.

THE PROGRAM WILL BE AS FOLLOWS:

- 1—Fly Blas Overture.....Band
- 2—Rise As a Bird.....Baritone Solo and Chorus
- 3—Inflammatus (Stabat Mater).....Soprano Solo and Chorus
- 4—Caprice Viennais.....Violin Solo
- 5—Rock of Ages.....Metropolitan Quartet
- 6—Open the Gates of the Temple, Tenor Solo
- 7—Abide With Me, Soprano and Baritone Duet
- 8—Softly Now the Light of Day, Male Quartet
- 9—Beautiful Isle of Somewhere.....Tenor Solo
- 10—(Offertory) Humoresque.....Violin Solo
- 11—Now the Day Is Over.....Male Quartet
- 12—The Trumpet Shall Sound (Messiah).....Bass Solo
- 13—The Holy City.....Tenor Solo
- 14—My Task.....Tenor Solo
- 15—He Lifted Me.....Mixed Quartet
- 16—God Be With You Till We Meet Again.....Congregation and Chorus Choir

EVERYONE IS INVITED—COME
ROSENWALD'S